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Must Remain in
Transcription Room

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(the very beginning of the group waw not recorded and apparantly the tape begins in the middle of a sentanc

... easily in the beginning because the curiosity and in the interest takes really hold of one and the newness of the ideas of course can continue to keep your interest on a certain level. But, as soon as you start to know that something else is involved besdies interest and that we are not talking about how to enjoy oneself but how to do something about oneself. And the realization that perhaps it is necessary to do something, such realizing comes with some people very slowly and with others it might come as a shock. It all depends on one type, their particular development of personality and the experiences that one has had. And there is a certain moment at which one realizes that work of this kind may be very usefulf for ones ordinary life and that it might be able, if one understands it and if one tries to continue to work, that it might have even more of a meaning that you in the beginning suspected. And I hope that at that time when it does come, that you will continue because, together with this realiztion that it has a meaning, you also start to doubt. And you start to doubt about yourself. And you see certain things in yourself you have never suspected. And at first you do not want to believe it because your education and whatever your experiences have been, the kind of life that one has led, simply means thatg for the time being, I do not want to see the truth about myself. And that is really a big questions when that comes. And sometimes, as I say, it comes as a shock. And sometimes one does not want to believe that

this is really what I am. And then one starts to get disgusted and feel that it is not so and this creates doubt. And with this doubt you have to fight, because you must not let it go.

One of the rules for continued interest in work is that regardless of what you will find out, that you will continue, that you will, at least, have that kind of adventurous spirit and that gradually you will uncover things that, for you, are not very easy to take because no one, not even you best friends, will ever tell you. And you are the only one who can tell it to yourself. And, for that, you do not have to have any witness or you do not have to feel any further responsibility because it is between you and your conscience and no one, fortunately, knows about ones conscience. It is a private affair. It is something that you gradually will start to understand that that relationship between you and your conscience is, in the beginning, a very small matter because that what you call your conscience at the present time is really nothing else but what has been put into you by society and well meaning people, including your father and mother and your teachers. And gradually you start to realize that what you call your conscience is nothing else but an ethical conduct or something with which you can get away or what you call morality in accordance with being able to live in a society with its set rules.

And with this kind of realiztion you start to find out that what one is, is really ntohing else but a rezcting machine. This is a very strong word because this question of mechanicality one does not want to believe at first at all. Becaude I say, "I can do this; I can do that; and whenevr I wish to go somewhere, I can make up my mind and I go. If I want to hate someone, I hate him. If I want to have a good dinner, I will have a good dinner." And

what is there that could say to me at that time that I do not have that kind of freedom xx of what I call my will?

At the same time, there is something suspicious about it. And not everybody will take that just as a matter of course. And very often, when you start to think about it and you become very quiet and turn within yourself and are with yourself as truthful as you can be, you already start to smell, to smell a rat. That is, you do not know for sure that that what you say, "I can do thx this, I can do that", that it is really you er it is something in you at the present timr which also could be changable. And very simply for instance you say, "I wish to do this and I promise to do that" and then you find out later that you do not do it and you do not keep your promise. And why don't you? Because that x what you consider your I, when you say, "I", then is that always the same?

This is the suspicion that gradually creeps up on one. And you cannot get rid of it because regardless of what you want to say in conditioning yourself and to try to adjust yourself yo whatever conditions you have found, you will find out gradually that that will not go and it will only last for a little while. And xxxxx after somet time you will again come to the conclusion that perhaps it was not so.

This kind of doubt, this kind of not wanting to accept conditions as they are and really believing that they are a little different, but you do not know which way to trun. That is an indication of something stirring one one. And with that, you could perhaps start a little bit of work or a little bit of questioning yourself further.

It is this questionf that is necessary; a question about the

statement that we are reacting machines. That is, that every action I do, everything that I feel or everythigI even think is a result of something that has been put into me beofre and not something that comes originally from myself. And very few there are that I could say, "This is essentiall true", because the question is: Is this what I now call true, is that for me always and has it been always that way?

If one could see oneself in two parts as it were; that what I am when I am a child, that what I call my life, that what,you mught say, has been given to me and which I find myself with when I start to grow up and start to distinguish and I start to realize that there is something that is alove in me and tnat my bidy and my different functions simply become part of that what I then, at that time, call essential qaulity, although I dd not define it when I am child. I start ti define it when I grow up into maturity. And when I get dlder there is still that something that is like a childish belonging; something that was me and still is me, altho, at times it is so covered up that I do not know any more the distinction between what I then call my personality and my behavior and that what is really me and always has been there and possibly alwats will be there until I die.

It is this kind of distinction that gradually has to become much more important. And that we then see what is there outside and what is really inside. And what is there that even when it is manifested outside actually comes and is motivated from the inside? And what is then essentially my behavior or what is my behavior on the periphery, on the xi sirface? What do I do simply xxxgx in order to get along in the world and to correspond

to that what other people expect me to be and how little is there of myself? So that many times when I say, "I would like to be my own, myself; I withdraw from the rest of the world. I want to be all by myself, all alone so that I can live myself out as it were; so that I can really follow what are my inclinations without having to make an accounting to any one: then, I cann actually be what I wish to be. That is, if I want to say this, that I can say it; that I want to be angry, I can be angry; that I do not have to be careful because someone else will accuse me or perhaps dislike me for my behavior."

What is it that I try to find constantly in life as I live it? This particular peace of mind so that I can get along with a variety of people. And then if I do that, I really prostitute myself because I am not myself then but I am a person, beginning as essential something and gradually being covered up by a lot of what I now call my own education and my protection.

If one comes to that kind of a conclusion, then one is among the herd as a black sheep. A black sheep is still a sheep. A human being who has questions is still a human being. He still is suvject to all kind of things exactly likr any other human being. But way down somewhere, maybe in his head, maybe in his heart, he is suspicious that that what he sees is not always so and that the shepherd is not always a kind man taking care of the sheep so that they can live in peace and happiness. But a black sheep has a little bit of an inkling of what is going to happen and what might happen and why they exist. Gurdjieff explains this very nicely; almost I would say, very sadly but at least it is said in such a nice almost kind way, that someday they will be slaughtered and they will become mutton and wool.

Are we, as human beings, in that same kind of a situation? Do we think that we exists for our own selfish purposes? It is a question that has to be answered because if once the question is posed, it will not let you go and an answer has to be given in some way or other because that is exactly the questioning attitude that one should have towards oneself; not to take things as they appear to be but to try to see things as they really are.

And then one starts to question oneself. Am I really that? Am I, as a black sheep, also going to be slaughtered? Am I here for a purpose to maintain the Earth? And why is it that I was born on Earth? And why is it that the Earth requires a certain amount of food in order to maintain it? And what is this, this whole question about universe or cosmos or infinity or God or His Endlessness? What is it? And what is such a position that I must take regarding that? And what is there in my own life that could correspond to it or with which I could gradually develop in such a way that I could become independant of that?

For that, I do not need any particular religion. I need only for that a certain insight and a seriousness and a questioning attitude and not to take thins simply for granted. But that I want to find out for myself what is it really that make me alive and keep me alive. And what is there in me that wishes to continue this kind of life? And why do I wish to protect it?

This is the first thing that comes to ones mind and also to ones heart. What is it that I do in order to help maintian that what I call now my life and for which I wish to take responsibility? Only in that respect or rwally, with that, already starting, I see how I mususe, actaully misuse the energy which has been given to me. I am flippant about it. I simply expect that that what exists will continue to exist. I will simply say, "I am the owner of my own life. I can do with it what I like. And therefore, I can

drink as much as I wish and I can go without sleep and I can jeopardize my health by eating any kind of a xxx damn nonsense. And simply @ hope with that I will start to be able to fulfill certain tasks xxd or earn some money or be a good friend. I allow for muself the influence of so many different things that I know even with my mind that are very much not worthwhile. I will start trying to continue to live in accord anc e with that and also, at the same time, I then will try to ride another horse; that is, xxxxxxx my spiritual life so that at times I probably can talk a little bit about it, more or less intellignetly. I grasp at som many different ghins because I belive that there is a possibility that in such directions I can find a solution.

For instance, I will take, let's say, astrology and I will say, "Oh, it is so wonderful to know ones type and I am born under such and such sign and therefore I amt this and I am that. Anf the planets and jupiter ir rising and therefore and it happens to be in the north node so because of thst I am a very fortunate human being." What do we really know. If we actually believe in it, that what is body, that what is Earth for us, naturally is xxxxxx effected by all such laws. And the question is if I want to continue to believe in astrology and palmistry and phrenology, all these little bits of I would call them science, maybe quack sciences, maybe semi-sciences, maybe I am very serious about them. Maybe I really want to find; maybe I try in all kind of different directions to find out. Maybe I dig into all kind of other philosophies in order to find out certain things for myself.

But what do I do it for? And what is it in me that reacts towards such things? And what is it in me that is actually wishing to act in that direction and to find fulfillment for something that is essnetiall myself? These distinctions we have to make gradually. It will not x come over night. It will come gradually if we are serious about it. And when we start questioning and then int tryong to be what we really

ought to be and to see how far we fall short of such little things, when I make up my mind and say, "I wish to work." That means I wish to become conscious. It means I wish to make an effort to see myself as I am. I promise myself than I, when I see myself as I am, that I then will be impartial, tht I then will try what is to see it without my feeling. That I also will try at such a time to see it, if I can, to see it at the moment when it happens, when it is behaving and that I, for the time being, will try to see what I am physically as a body moving around and doing a variety of different things and being engaged in activities that either concern me, that I like or dislike, nevertheless what I do.

And I become acquanted with myself. And I really, when I am sincere, at a certain time, I say, "I would like to see myself in order not only to study but in order to have the possibility of imporving myself, and, inthat way, becoming a different kind of a man and really finding a place for myself. In all of that, I can be very sincere. And I can make up my mind and say, "Alright, I will start now." And I start, And I make an attempt. And I honestly make that attempt. And, for one moment, I am, in that sense of the word, awake. And I see myself also for that one moment impartially.

And then what happens? Right arter thar I fall back again and I forget. After a little whilem maybe I remeber. And I say, "Oh yes; I promise myself that I will try to be awake." And I wake up again. Abd after two minutes, maybe a half a second, I have forgotton because/other certain things again take hold of me and I am subject.

I am a child of this Earth. And I am subject to all the laws of this Earth. Immediately, whenever I try to make a certain attempt to become objective regarding myself, then immediately my subjectivity in all its different phases comes in and tells me that it cannot

be done and I am back again in ordinary life. And this has to do with something that I claim for myself inwhich I have concern, inwhich I really wish to be honestly, inwhich I say, "It is something that belongs to me really as my birthright and for which I am willing to sacrifice" - what? And I do not sacrifice.

It is cheap to talk. It is cheap to have ideas; to think and to say to myself, "I want to be awake, I want to be conscious", and not to follow it with an attempt in all seriousness to try to be awake. Then for one little second, two seconds, three of them, maybe to try to intensify, to make it as real as one can make it. And even then I cannot do it.

This one must realize when one sits and listen to the ideas of Gurdjieff; that we are, regarding thise ideas evem, even if they have a meaning, that we are like little children just starting out to try to find out the reason of ones own life. At the same time, it is not that hopeless. At the same time, if I can continue, if I can keep such thoughts in my mind, If I can, at certain times, change, convert such thoughts into the actuality of an awareness, maybe there is hope that gradually I will start to understand certain things.

And this is what the black sheep will do. He is not satisfied by being slaughtered. He will wish to grow. He will try to get away from the herd, as it were. He will not believe the good and nice and kind words of the shepherd who feeds him. He will start to work with whatever he has. And, little as it may be, he will start with that small kind of thing that is in that black sheep. Each person has something of that kind because each person has life. And it is this living, this essential living quality, that is what remains in existence if I take away all my faculties; if I take away all sensation, all smell, all taste, all hearing, all seeing,

what is left? I can say a body that does not function; a feeling that has no means of expressing and thought which is really not, let's say, educated because it does not receive any impressions. And, at the same time, that what I am does not die.

It is interesting to philosophize about that because if xx I once can believe that something of that kind remains in existence, then that is the starting point from which I start to operate and with that I then start to try to work to become more and more conscious. And that what is there and which, for me, is unchangable because it cannot be effected by any impression from the outside since I have no means of translating the impressions. This condition of living, you might say, I have to find in ordinary life because there is no other way. I have nothing else but my body, some feeling and a little bit of thought. x And, with that, I start hoping; sometimes praying, sometimes wishing very much, somtimes in despair, crying.

I am talking about such things; about that kind of form of life. I am not talking about naything else. I am not talking about niceties and kindnesses. I am not talking about how to so;ve problems in life either, problems of marriage, problems of live, problems of hate, or arguments. I am not talking about that at all. I am talking about seeing the kingdom on Heaven.

I am trying to find out what is heaven for me, for any one of us. What do I consider when I say heaven? It is not a Christian term. It is something simply that is different or distinguished form Earth. I try to find something on Earth which is uneartly. I try to find something in my subjectivity which is not subjective. I call it objectivity. Itry to find something in my unconsciousness which is conscious so that I have, with that, something to hold on to and with which I then can xxi try to sail, sail away if I wish or become what I ought to be. Or to fulfill first the obligations of being a sheep and, at the same time, developing within myself something that

is independant and will not react but will act.

So, I have to look at this question of how to work as the possibility of a change of the reaction into activity, real activity, activity from something that is within me which does not change and then starts to act on its own with ots own infromation which I call then understanding, with its own body which I then call my being. And it is this question of different levels, growing from one level to another, belonging to this level and seeing it for what it is worth. And then using that that I see now with my mind hoping or already realizing the possibility that there is a question for me in accepting this level and, at the same time, growing towards another level a little higher, from which level then I could see the present level as it really is, not the way I see it now when I stay on Earth.

So, the problem is when I try to wake up. it is that I try to get away from certain things of myself, my own, my habits, my mechnical behavior, the way I think, my motions which are not necessary and feelings and my thought processes; to get away from it so that I can have more of a panoramic view and that, because of that, I could be, if I am away from it, a little bit freer. And thereby I would becpme more and more objective regarding myself, my behavior and see what it is and then probably come to the conclusion that that what I am is a reacting machine. And that my desire is, since I wish to be a man, I do not want to be a machine.

This is really what is involved. I do not want to stay on Earth. And, at the same time, my feet are there and I have to fulfill the obligations which are laid up on me and which I gladly will take as responsibility if one for one reason: that I have nothing else.

If I could go, where sometimes I would like, to Mars or to

Venus, if such attempts that we are making at the present time, to go out into space: How could it be? Even then, if I were there, I would not be able to know hor to live. All of this requires a preparation. If I am on this level it means I am not on another level.If I wish to go to another level I have to understand what is involved in order, when I get there, to be able to stay. At times I know. At times I am effected in such a way, fortunately, by circumsatnces that happen to combine in me in such a wat that at certain moments I have insight. That is perhaps a mental question.

Maybe, at times, one has aspiration. That is probably an meotional question. But, at leasy, with such means, my mind being able to see possibilities and hoping for something, my feeling wishing fervently for the condition inwhich I really could be free, that then gradually, in me is born a desire to go there. And if I then know how to go there, logically, simply, but realizing the necessity of constantly having to work.

Do not think for a moment that I work for ten years and then I am there. I will have to work all the time. The only trouble is that when I work all the time sometimes such time will stop. It can stop in two ways. One is that I day. The other is that I realize time as it is and I eat it. This is really the problem: How can I, being on Earth, become free? The problem is to continue to live with all the various forces effecting me and keeping me down, that is, keeping me on the surface of the Earth, how can I find something in me that could become a point from which I can apply a leverage so that by menas of that I could rise above it, above the Earth and gradually loosen the different bondages that now tie me.

I am like Gulliver, tied with many many strings. How can I start? Do I realize I am in prison? Maybe, maybe I do at times. Maybe in a very smalll wya. Maybe also that I feel that I am

not what I am supposed to be. Maybe I think that I, by means of a little bit of work, I can get somewhere. I assure you it is not that way. It may take a long time before one really has in oneself a real desire to wake up. Before that, it remains interesting to find out what one is. And laready, druing that period, one sees a little bit more and one ehlarges one world and of course that might give you, to a certain extent, some satisfaction.

On the other hnad, God is not pleased with that. You habe an obligation; an obligation towards your own conscience, whatever that is in you. That is your God at the present time, and tou have to listen tto it. You have to take time. You have to listen very carefully because that what you can hear is very soft. And it is not completely outspoken and sometimes it stumbles a little bit. It babbles every once in a while. It stammers also. It is not clear.

We cannot immediately go into the clarity of daylight. We have to learn. We have to start to walk, skowly,gradually, but seriously. We have to learn the letters of the alphabet first; A B C, before we can even form words, before we can form sentances, before we can form context and ideas and concepts in sentances, before we can even write a book of ourselves and our lives. And still, that is the idea, you might say. That is what one is striving for: To become an author, to become an architect, to build, to create, to be an artist so that that what then exists, can exist and everyone can look at and see it and become, as it were, spirited because of that. And then say,"What is it that make such a person really live?" How is it possible, Maybe it creates them in one a certain desire of jealousy".

Maybe in that way one can help each other. Maybe that is, to some extent, the obligation inder which all of us are so that we

can try to understand work in the real sense of the word and that we, regardless of the attempts we do make and how often we fall, fall by the wayside, that we constantly will try to get up. Never mind how often we fall down. Get up. There is the strength to get up each time, And, if you cannot, wait a little and then get up. If you cannot awak e, if you think that your energy is gone, wait. Time will tell. Ordinary life will continue. You will fall back. Circumstances in ordinary life again will remind you. Then wake up. Then mak an attempt. That kind of an effort not say, "I wish to be awake", but the actuality of awakening.

It is then that I understand the purpose on infinity. It is then that I realize that I am part of the cosmos even if Earth is a very small section and probably, from the standpoint of infinity, practically nothing else than an infinitesmal point. And I myself, I am nothing regarding the totality of orgnaic kingdom. But within oneself, I am my own world. And still, I am not king. And it is this realiztion: How small we are and, at the same time, how big we are or could be or should be or wish to be and could grow and evolve up to the next level and maybe to another level. But, for the time being, the next level - it is enough.

If one tries now, on this Earth, to understand what it is that is Earthly in one, what it is that makes one human Earth beings and to see what is there in me at the present time manifesting as belonging to something that we call ordinary nature. And what is it also that could be within oneself that what I would call Great Nature or something that belongs to the next level. And to make this spparation and then to see e which weighs more.

I constantly will try to weigh. That os the qyestion of pondering; the question of realizing what are my experiences worth. What do I do? How do I spend my time? Where does the time go?

What is there in my relations with others that I really would like to maintain? Or what is there that I know already after some time will leave me and it is not worthwhile even to chase after it when I lose it? What is there that is, for me, permanent? That what I call permanane t is my body. What I call permanent in my feelings is nothing. There is absolutely no permanancy in my thought processes.

Again I say, "These are statements that you do not have to believe." Try them out for yourself. Find out what is it that you really really feel. That you can say, "I fell it today, I feel it tomorrow. I am the same the day after. Ten years from now I will still feel the same way?" What is it? As far as your thoughts are concerned , you know well enough that you are as changable as a leaf on a tree. And that simply you will agree in most cases with the last speaker. If that comes to one, and I find myself and I start to wiegh myself and I put myself on th scale, what is there that I would say that is real weight? What is even there in me that anyone would like to have. What is there that they could be jealous of, that they would like to have themselves?

We have different hings, all of us, naturally. That is what makes us different. But is there something that could be that some one else could be jealous about? That someone else would love to have so much if only we could give it? Do we show such a thing, that what we are essentially that becomes, because of its essential existencem attractive to some one else so that the other will say, "How do you live thatway? What is it that makes you?" Maybe then, thru that kind of jealousy I will start to find out what is possible for me.

And then day after day; I tell you, it is a task day after day. It is not a task week after week for one hour a week. It is work.

Isay it is not hopeless. Of course it isn't. It would be idiotic to say that. Why should one even spend ones time on something that is hopeless? Naturally, I have to believe that it is possible for me, that I can do it and that I want to do it. And I starg and I do it and I find out certain things and many things I do not like and still I will continue; I will continue. I will start out to try to cross a river. I wil leave one shore. I will not see it. After a little while it disappears and I do not see antyhing ahead. And then where am I?

At the same time, this whole question of looking at life means that U continue with life and that it is not a question of what I do. It is a question of how I do what I do. That is, I continue with life as it is required, professionally, personally, whichever way I fit inot this so-called society. I wake up to the fact of my life and I continue in my life to be what I am but I now am awake while I do what I am doing.

This is not a religion for church. This is a religion for daily application for everything I do, as I now must behave in ordinary life, whatever is required. I then have to use whatever I experience in ordinary life in such a way that I tehn, at that time, live two lives. One, the continuation of that what I am doing, the other is the way I see myself doing that. It is the building of this. The buikding of something parallel to that what exists. It is not going from one place to another. It is the continuation of two, ~~xxxxx~~ two lines. One, ordinary life; the other let's call spiritual life. Let's call it life of a different kind of level. And I try to feed it by means of living in ordinary life.

That is why I say, "What else will I do"? That is all I have. I have my ordinary life and I have in myself a belief that abother life could exist also for me. And I am trying constantly to bring about a bridge between the two by means of a vertical line; ~~xxxxx~~

vertical regarding my ordinary life as expressed in a horizontal line of time duration. This is the only way by which I can get away from this horizontal line, by rising above it, by then seeing the panorma of myself, by becoming more and more detached and actually living in a different way or on a higher level and constantly, with this experience, returning to ordinary life and then living, at the same time, knowing how I am. You must understand this.

Work does not mean I give up my ordinary living. Work like this, it is called the fourth way, means that in life I try to become conscious. It means that I maybe, in the beginning, select a little bit the particular momenys that are more condusive for me to be able to be a little bit more awake. I will not immediately try to be awake in the most difficult circumstances which engage emotion and where I am completely involved. Of course, it would be quite stupid. But I start woth very small things. And in that, I remain now awake. That is, I try to be present to myself while I do this or that. I walk, wash dishes, put on a coat, walk on the street, meet a few people, telephone. All of that, as I behave, I become aware of my behavior as it is and I accept it. I hear my voice. I know my facial expression. I am aware of gestures, movements, general behavior, tensions. I know when I become aware of my blood circulation, my braathing.

I am not changing anything. I continue as I always have done in an unconscious way. This time I try to introduce a little ray of consciousness amd, at the same time, I continue in exactly the same way all the time. So that I do not lose the responsibility of what I have taken on myself of living and that I fulfill and continue to fulfill the obligations which I have taken on myself or with which I find myself. Never running away. Never

hoping that something will be eliminated. Accepting that whatever it is, whatever it is, rain or sunshine, poverty or wealth, lonesomeness or gregariousness. Whatever it is; a boss I dislike, a child that is not mindful. Things of that kind, all of them belong to life. I have no right to choose.

This is to try to introuduce the kingdom of Heaven on Earth. It means when I have the kingdom of Heaven, if I can, all things will be added unto me. You must realize, I do not wish for a change. And, at the same time, by being awake, changes will come. For that I wish to live because then my life will xxxx start to have meaning. Gradually I will understand what is needed and what is not needed.

So, what do you want to talk about? What is it you have tried? Where are you? What have you tried to do? What did you go against? What did you see of yourself? Things you liked or disliked? When you saw them, could you be impartial? Have you tried to find out what it is to be impartial regarding yourself? Have you tried to be impartial even regarding other poeple? Can you be impartial regarding animals? How much do you love yourself? What are you willint to give, to give up in order to gain something else? What is the value you place on that what you might gain? What will you do? How will you continue? What now do you wish to do? How do you make up your mind? What determination, what resolution will you make?

New Year is coming, Christmas, good cheer. You have time. No newspapers, xxxx no waste. What will you do with all the time that is now available that otherwise you would go and read about some murder in Brooklyn? What will you do with yourself? What are you doing with friends? What are you trying for yourself?

How do you help them? How do they help you? What do you think unnecessarily? How much of your time do you waste? What do you do to take care of your health? Do you realize how often you spend energy in any kind of a form follishly, so that you, for yourself, really ought to be ashamed? Why aren't you ashamed? Why is it that we are so stupid and so ignorant that we do not even see that we are wasting time and energy and that we do not even see that we do not really have a conscience and that we do not want to live but to (?) things as they are and that in most of the time that we spend, we really love to be asleep.

It will be a long time. It will require probably experience. It will require suffereing. It is not that I hope it for you. You are, for yourself, your own guide. You will have to decide for yourself. No one will do it for you. No one even will rewuire it of you. No one even has a right. No one even who loves you has a right to tell you to wake up. Eevn if you are married you cannot tellwake up. You must leave it.

But for yourself, you bcepme your master, your own. You wish, If you wish then you would becpme a man in the real sense of the wpod if day in, day out you try to remember that: I Am.

You must live, You must live well. You must live a right life. You must live with a purpose. You have an aim. You must not forget thid aim. You must wake up with it. You go to bed with it. You dream about it. It must be with you twenty four hours a day. It does not mean that you can work all the time. It does not mean that you can be conscious. Maybe very little of such time you will be conscious. But whenever you can, you have an obligation to try to wake up, even if it is a little, even if you stir in your sleep, even if you are like a balck sheep, a little bit dissatisfied and you do not take things for

granted. That is your conscience if you can listen to it. If you can be quiet, really relaxed, come to yourself and then hear it. And then maybe you will do something. And maybe not. Who knows? You cannot find it. It is not in your horoscope.

Astrology of that kind is only for unconscious people. Astrology does not exist for conscious people. For conscious people, the heliocentric horoscope exists but it is something that is never drawn because people do not know it. That is, instead of geocentric which is ordinary astrology, heliocentric means that the sun becomes the center. It is that kind of horoscope we rwally wish to find out, inwhich the head beceomes the sun. The head which clarifies and gives light. The heart which purifies and gives heat so that the porper place in relation is tha. the center of that universe of onself is the mind. And helps in its dynamic flow of all the different planets areound the sun; that I understand my emotions as being my heart, divided into different categories according to Jupiter or Venus or whatever it may be. At the same time, belonging to the universe which I represent and then my body becoming Earth. I wish now, if I understand it right, to live in accordanc e with that. When I become and I go from Earth to the sun and use the stepping stone of the planets and to get there so that my head, my feeling and my body, that is, my thoughts, my emotional processes amd my sensations are in relation to each other in such a way that they become a harmonious system of, you might say, the constellation which represents me and inwhich my God is interested.

If one can find in that that kind of solidity and that point of gravity, that it is as if one says, "I know because God is with me". When I spend a piece of money: God with us. Do we ever realize it? Do we ever realize how often we say, "Good bye? And we

really should mean, "God be with you." Do we know what we say? If we do know, do we say it right? Do we even use the voice in order to express a feeling? Do we ever express in any kind of ordinary behavior of the physical body also that what belongs as feeling and could be, as ones mind, in a clear formualtion, to be exact and to be right? To be helpful regarding ones feeling for oneself as well as for other poeple? And then, in all sincerity, to be just about our own life and about someone elses life, particularyl those who are near and dear to us. What is the place we wish? Where do we belong? How do we live? Constantly this as an emblem, to have it in mind, to see it ahead of us, as I say, to wake up with it. Not only to wake up, to be dreaming about it. To stir in ones physical sleep, to be a little uneasy. And wake up then and say, "Thank God I am awake." Wake up for the second time. To remain during the day uneasy. That is the stirring in ones waking sleep. And at times, at a certain time, the decision to throw off the covers and of our waking sleep and to get uo and to stand up as a man should stand, with his head in the clouds and with his feelings where they belong in the center and with his ffet on the ground and then to walk, to march, to run; aiming at something as a purpose that one wishes to fulfill and understand. Then life can have a meaning. Then there is hope. Then little things, even including that what we are, including our little nonsense, our little habits, our little appetites, out little wishes, out feelings for someone else and being stepped on ones toes, being hurt and all that. We put it all together in one big pot amd we mix it up and we cook it; cook it. That is, we boil it up and the dross, it will float on top and we skim it off gradually maybe with a little spoon, maybe a little later with a ladle, maybe afterwards we will be able to scoop it out.

But we will continue to boil that what we are in order to make out of ourselves something that is called pure gold so that it can resist everything else, temptation as well as destruction. If life could be like that, if I could remember when ever I wake up, whenever I am in daily life, whenever I am in difficult circumstanced, whenever I have to make a decision, whenever there is something that bothers me, that I can remember that: That that, in reality, I am. And then, from tjat, I can derive strength.

If that could be with me as I walk throuhg life and then I could call on it as if I then have a direct line to such possibilities of my own existence in a more permananet way. That is, something that can continue to exists and because of its existence there, on that kind of a level, is not subject to the variety of different things that now effect me and that make me sad and sorrowful and all the rest of it. That I could, as it were, be above it and then reurn to Earth and then know what to do, what to say and what to feel.

It is really, you can call it religion if you like. You can call it life. You can call it fulfillment. You can call it the way one should have been. I have said several tume that I do not preach but I talk. I talk about an experience. I talk about that what concerns, in the forst place, myself. In that way, all I wish to do is to tell and to helo you to see if you can, and if it is possiblr to strike a corresponding note in your heart, not in yout mind.

I am not interested in your mind at all. I am interested in how you feel. What you really are. How you wish to live. And then, in your wish to live, you will remember the possibility for yourself and to make out of the possibility the probability of

work. And then, out of the probability, the actuality of working and waking up and making an effort and not to give up but to keep on going and have patience. But at least to have in mond that towards which you want to go and for which everything that you now so-called own can be used, can be out together, as I say, boiled up and changed into a different form of being, living on a different level without forgetting the necessities of ordinary life.

I wish you good luck. I wish you a good year. I wish you a good Christmas. I wish you everything that you in your heart wish. Not what you wish for just as a temporary satisfaction. But something that is essentially you which is you and was you when you were born and will still be you when you die. And, for that, I wish that you could create for the possibility of that kind of life, for that, a certain building, a certain structre that you make. You create for that, inwhich that what is essentially essence can live and grow and not be satisfied but fulfill its own purpose of its own existence.

You have it in your hands. You have it in your heart and in your head. With the help of His Endlessness you can, if you establish this relationsh p of being, in all meeekness, wishing with a willingness to sacrifice what may be required and then you life will take on an entirelt different color because it is from that time on, on the level where it belongs and can return to Earth at any one time you wish. At any one time it is required in order to create for that what is eseentially essence the proper surrounding so that it, that it, can grow into it.

You mught say it is like Christmas. It is like a wish of of something being born, something to grow out, something that has that meaning of delivering you. That is Christ; that

what delivers xxx us from that what now binds us. It is not Jesus. Christ means that what I now understand of work. That what I now can see as the possibility of how by my efforts, if you wish, by that what inspires, byx that what gives me aspiration towards living the way I should, that then xx in its strength, can deliver me from that what now binds me and gradually, one by one, the bondages of Earth, my habits, my mechanical behavior, my automatism, my little wishes, my whatever it may be that us nox in my way, the obstacles, small and big, gradually dissolve because there is one particular presence within oneself that is Christ.

If one understand this, then it can have that same kind of a meaning it used to have which unfortunately it does not have any longer. And so, when we call it Christmas, it has become nothing else but a little commercialism.

If you can send a card to five of your friends inwhich you wish them a happy Christmas and a good New Year and maybe you addx to that, and it has to be a good frined,"And I wish for your essence to be free this coming year. Maybe for yourself you might mean it. Maybe for the other it might be helpful. But, in any event, make your life as I say, much more worthwhile so that if, at any one time, one is called upon to give reckoning to that what one has done that one is asked,"Where is your consceince and what has it told you and how often has it reminded you and how often, when such reminders came, have you makde an attempt?"

The attempt constantly is to try to be awake and to try to live ib accordance with certain fundamental principles of observing and and participating, of experimenting, of impartiality, of simultanaity, of conscious labor, or intentional suffereing. All of that, or a little bit or all of it,all of it belongs. It belongs to oneself. It belongs to God. It belongs to all of us. In that way,

we could be, if we wish, we could be one.

Then one could understand when we shake hands and say, "I wish you well; I really hope you will be alright. How are you?" That the other says, "Alright", it means all right in every way. "Thank you for helpng me to wake up."

I wish you will have a good year. Christmas. We will see each other next weel. Maybe it sounds a little premature. And still, we start to think. The time is short. Good night everybody. Try to remember.Remember yourself. Yourself: Whiter then snow; more etherial than ether; more radiant than the sun. That is myself. That self am I. Try to remember. Good night.

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Wednesday December 12, 1962
Played on March 7, 1963

Trudy Bartel
Mary Whittenburg
Angela Benis
John Marshall
Lou Castagno
Lotte Karman
Tony Price
Ira Friedlander
John Owens
Terry Owens